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SONGS OF
MANY MOODS

ROBERT T. DUNCAN

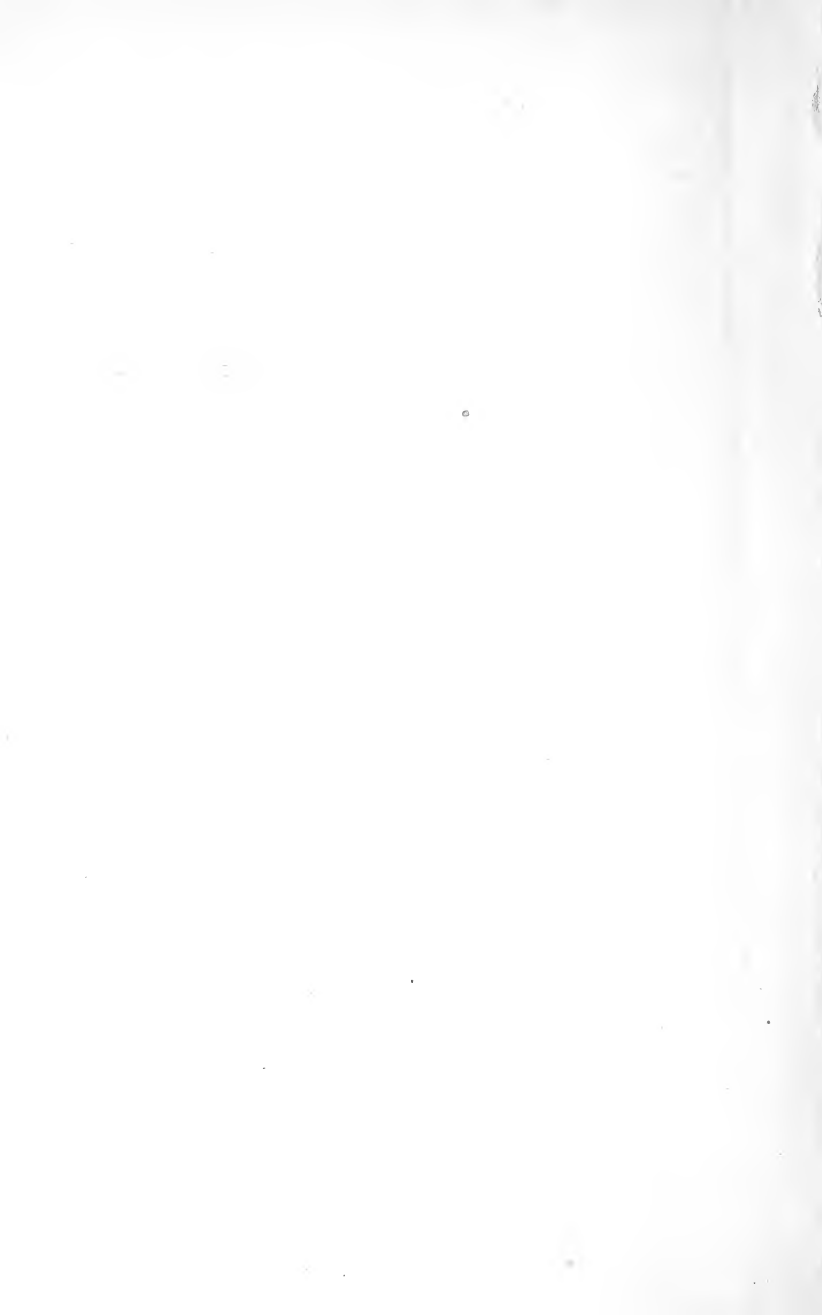


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SONGS OF MANY MOODS

BY

ROBERT T. DUNCAN



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

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INTRODUCTORY

February 2, 1919

My dear Mr. Duncan:—

“Poetry is the music of thought, conveyed to us in the music of language”—Chatfield.

“Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds”—Shelley.

In returning to you the manuscript of some of the productions of your facile pen which you were kind enough to allow me to peruse, I first want to assure you of my deep gratitude for the pleasure that has come to me through your kindly action, but I cannot allow myself to stop at that.

The vision comes before me of a war worn world where men's hearts have become hardened by the prejudice and rancor that must necessarily result from the conditions of the past few years, and what is the remedy that will prove to be a healing balm?

To my mind the only cure is the literature of music and song. I beg of you, nay I implore that you allow the verses which I have selfishly reveled in to become published and thereby serve their true, God given, purpose in the world. “If music be the food of love, play on.”

Again thanking you, and believe me

Faithfully yours,

ROBT. P. FAIRBAIRN.

CONTENTS

	Page
Christmas Bells	9
They Are Coming	10
When the Battle Flags Are Furled	11
"Tin Soldiers"	12
In Memoriam	13
"Old Glory"	14
The Dying Soldier	15
Do You Remember Still	16
The Faith of France	17
Across the Sea	18
It's All the Same	19
In Memoriam	21
Sleep, Baby, Sleep	22
Land of Lakes	23
Judge Not	24
Parting	25
Imagery	26
The Man	27
To Edgar A. Guest	28
Craibstone	29
To J. S. D.	30
The Homeland	31
The Song of the Hobo	32
Bucksburn	33
The Recluse of Fond du Lac	34
The Gypsy Blood	36
Just Eighteen Months Ago	37
The Call of Nature	39
Church Bells	40
Life's Melody	41

Contents

	Page
They Endure	42
I Envy None	43
Coming and Going of Day	44
The Shadows	45
Spring	46
The Robin	47
The Little Voices	48
A Royal Romance	49
The Loveland	50
Anniversary of Burns	50
Life	52
Poland	53
The Creed	54
La Follette	55
To "The Ettrick Lintie"	57
Robert Burns	58
The Soutar	59
The Cross	60
An Evening Walk	61
The Evening Star	62
Signs of Spring	63
April	64

SONGS OF MANY MOODS

CHRISTMAS BELLS

1916

Ring out, ye bells with merry chimes,
As ye have done in former years,
Though never in the olden times
To lands so drenched in blood and tears.

Ring gently, bells, for sorrow's tear
The mourners' hollow eyes will fill,
As bending o'er the soldier's bier
They whisper low, "Peace and good will".

"Peace and good will"! O! world at strife,
And was it futile and in vain
That One should give His noble life
To save Mankind from such a pain.

Ring bravely on. The world's brow
Is furious with lust to kill,
And more than ever utter now
Heaven's great command of "Peace, be still".

Ring on. The times are waxing late
And in a world of woe and pain
The nations leap in frenzied hate
To crucify their Christ again.

THEY ARE COMING

They are coming, Woodrow Wilson,
From Columbia's farthest shore,
To defend their country's honor
As their fathers did before.

For they placed their trust upon you,
"Peace with honor" was your cry;
Now you say "Peace means dishonor",
And they know you do not lie.

There are those who would defame you,
Vultures in the eagle's nest;
Plotting Columbia's destruction
While they fatten at her breast.

But the straight-lipped and the clear-eyed
Grasp the gun and draw the blade;
Not in vain for such as these
Was the Declaration made.

Freedom's heritage they cherish
From the cradle to the grave,
And they vow the starry banner
Over them for aye shall wave.

So they answer, Woodrow Wilson,
And their shout becomes a roar
Ringing from the far Pacific
To the broad Atlantic's shore.

WHEN THE BATTLE FLAGS ARE
FURLED

When the war-drums are silent, and the battle-
flags are furled;

Will there dawn a greater glory o'er the nations
of the world;

Will wrong give place to right and evil be subdued,
And will the years that follow be pregnant with
good?

We know the nations hearkened, and they an-
swered from afar

When the war-drums started beating and their
kings rode out to war

And we know they died like heroes amid scenes of
bloody woe,

And they never stayed to reason why their blood
should flow.

But tell us, has their sacrifice been offered up in
vain?

Have they lost all they had to lose when there was
nought to gain?

We know they fought for honor's cause, and love
of country too,

And when their time had come they died as brave
men do.

We know 'twas for their high ideals they let their
blood be shed,

We know all this and honor them the army of the
dead;

Songs of Many Moods

But tell us, prophet, tell us, will there be a better
world
When the war-drums are silent, and the battle-
flags are furled.

"TIN SOLDIERS"

"Tin Soldiers" you used to call them,
As they marched with the sweat on their brow;
And you stood at ease on the sidewalk,
But what do you call them now?

You mocked and jibed at them daily
As they marched along with their band;
Do you mock as they march just as gaily
On their way to "No Man's Land?"

Do you think of the names you called them?
Do you think of the men they are?
As you stand on the corner and watch them
Swing on their way to war.

Leaving sweethearts and mothers,
And all that they love behind,
Yes, and a million others
For the common cause of mankind.

They are marching away and I wonder
When they're back from the war's red woe,
Will you call them again "Tin Soldiers"
As you did some months ago.

IN MEMORIAM

J. S. D.

Killed in action. October 21st, 1916

Fond Mem'ry whispers to my ears
The songs you used to sing;
And from the distant, bygone years
Sweet recollections spring.

We were comrades, more than brothers,
And from Mem'ry's page I turn
Sad at heart, though there are others
With a dearer tie to mourn.

Years we shared I well remember
But I cannot realize
That the last, eternal slumber
Has forever closed your eyes.

Christmas bells may soon resound
The peace and good-will unto men;
But dear comrade, you have found
The peace that passeth human ken.

Soldier! You have done your duty,
None can ever sneer and say
That the smiles of wealth or beauty
Lured you from its path to stray.

"OLD GLORY"

Waft it proudly, O ye breezes!
Until it's foemen hide their eyes;
Until Sahara's desert freezes;
Until the hope of Heaven dies.

So caress it, love it, nurse it,
It is free as ye are free,
Only serfs and tyrants curse it,
Ensign of our liberty.

O ye breezes, never fail it,
Keep it flying, aye unfurled;
In the east the nations hail it
As the "glory" of the world.

And we look upon its splendor
From beneath its ample folds,
And our hearts are thrilled and tender
By the story that it holds.

Hail! "Old Glory" we salute thee,
Children gathered from all lands;
Motives base shall none impute thee,
Lo! The world understands.

THE DYING SOLDIER

Comrade, raise my head still higher
For my hour is almost done,
And I want to see "Old Glory"
Waving in the morning sun.

There! that's better, I can see it,
Flaming stripes and virgin bars;
Lincoln's flag and mine, I love it,
Heaven's azure, Freedom's stars.

I have seen it floating proudly
Over the old town at home;
I have seen its colors blending
With the ocean's wave and foam.

Oh, I loved it and revered it
In the peaceful days of yore,
Now today I love it better
Than I ever did before.

For I've offered at its altars
All the fleeting life I've led,
To maintain its spotless whiteness,
And the glory of its red.

Comrade, see it waving grandly
As the morning breezes blow;
Rising heavenward, pointing westward,
Pointing homeward—and I go.

DO YOU REMEMBER STILL

Do you remember still, the swift-winged hours
That made for us the distant, happy past;
The silent woods, the drooping flowers
That raised their faces as we passed?

The setting sun that tinged the hill-bound west
With coloring of amethyst and gold,
The valley lying wrapt in peaceful rest,
The curlew crying o'er the lonely wold.

The peat-reek rising in the still, night air,
The murmuring of the little mountain stream,
The stars that shone above like jewels rare,
The crescent moon with its pale, silv'ry beam.

The breeze that hailed us with a passing sigh,
The nights that wrapt us in their dreamy spell,
We saw the hours go swift and swifter by,
And let them vanish with a light farewell.

Do you remember still, and oft recall
The bygone days that were too sweet to last?
And do you often dream about it all
While Memory rebuilds the ruined past.

THE FAITH OF FRANCE

How brightly they raise their heads
And bloom beneath the sun,
And ere their fragile beauty fades
Their little task is done,
The flowers of France.

How sweetly do they sing their song
And fear no earthly thing,
They do their share to right a wrong,
God sent them there to sing,
The birds of France,

They march to war and sing, and sing,
The songs of Liberty,
And dying, still the echoes ring
Afar across the sea;
The sons of France.

Can Freedom die? And is it vain
The sacrifice of countless lives?
Shall Mankind bear a slavish chain?
Nay! While upon the earth survives
The faith of France.

ACROSS THE SEA

'Tis strange, these silver stars that gleam
Upon the peaceful sea;
Like gems set in a crown of dream,
Look down on Picardy.

The moon that watches while you sleep
In calm security,
Its nightly watch doth also keep
O'er graves of Picardy.

And Lo! the East wind's fragrant breath
That wakes the slumbering sea,
Has whispered o'er the fields of death
On distant Picardy.

IT'S ALL THE SAME

The silent stars that shine so bright
Above our social mirth tonight,
Tomorrow may look down upon
A cold, gray monumental stone,
Where writ in gilt upon the same
The passerby may read our name;
We sojourn here a fleeting space
While others wait to take our place;
Life's like an automatic chime
Struck by the swinging bell of time,
And we may make it grave or gay;
So let us laugh throughout the day,
Not sigh its passing hours away;
The grave will swallow up our tears,
Our laughter lives a thousand years.
A smile greets success, not a wail,
So why not laugh even when we fail?
Failure's the rugged path we tread
To reach the heights far overhead;
'Tis vain to speak of luck or fate,
That's but what we ourselves create,
There is no fate, there is no luck,
So let us mobilize our pluck
And roll our sleeves up with a smile
To make even failure worth the while.
We've each our place beneath the sun
And when our working day is done
We'll hit the last, long, lonely pike
Where all of us must fare alike;

Songs of Many Moods

It matters little what we are
Whether we ride in cushioned car
Or on the dusty road we fare
In shoes that sadly lack repair;
For to us all alike are free—
The sunshine and the flowering tree,
The glory of the stars' pale beam,
The music of the rippling stream,
All things that make the world gay
And cheer the traveller on his way;
There's joy here if we'll but take it,
And life is simply what we make it,
So let's cut out the whine and sob—
The "Big Boss" needs us on the job.

IN MEMORIAM

"SONNY"

No more we'll hear the little feet
Go pattering across the floor;
The treble voice, the laughter sweet
We'll hear no more.

The skies of Spring will seem more gray,
The wind will have a sadder tone,
The birds will seem to sing less gay
Since he is gone.

Our little circle now will know
An empty place when'er we meet,
And pause at times with voices low
To listen for his eager feet.

Time heals all wounds, but none can fill
The place he held in every heart,
And well we know we'll miss him still
Whate'er the coming years impart.

A mother's heart will throb in pain,
Her eyes with yearning thoughts will dim;
A father's mind will see again
The future he had planned for him.

He was so young, so quick to charm,
It did not seem that he could die.
We see again the cold, still form,
And wonder—WHY.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleepy eyes are closing, baby is reposing
Safe in the ship that's bound for Wonderland;
Loving eyes look down as every baby frown
Is chased away from baby brows by an angel hand.
The fairies come with dreams,
And the Guardian Angel keeps
A vigil o'er the little cot
Where baby sleeps.

Sleep, baby, sleep, while the shadows creep
Around the little cot where you lie;
Sleep, baby, sleep, the stars begin to peep
Like the lights of Heaven in the sky.
The fairy ship sets sail
Adown the Milky Way;
O! What wonderful sights you'll see
Before the break of day.

LAND OF LAKES

Wisconsin, Land of crystal lakes
Where Youth's gay laughter ever wakes
The echoes as the paddle breaks
The silver sheen;
How generous 'mongst your many lakes
Has Nature been.

Far from the ceaseless care of life,
Far from the town's harassing strife
Where factory fumes and germs are rife
We hie away,
Perhaps with sweetheart or with wife
To spend a day.

To spend a day amid your scenes
Where Nature in her beauty preens,
And where the old log cabin leans
A little west;
There our poor, weary soul gleans
Content and rest.

The lake's a welcome, glorious sight,
Though viewed in the sunshine bright
Or as beneath the moon at night
We float along,
Raising our voices free and light
In merry song.

Songs of Many Moods

L'ENVOI

We've had our days of laughter
And we've had our nights of song,
And we've had our hours of sorrow and of pain;
And though we drift afar, Wisconsin,
Yet we shall not linger long,
For your smiling lakes will lure us back again.

JUDGE NOT

Judge not, lest in judging a brother,
Ye fill a measure of pain,
Which from the hand of another
May be meted to you again.

Judge not in your folly and blindness,
Judge not in a self-righteous way,
Lest a judgment lacking in kindness
May haunt you night and day.

Judge not, but temper your sentence
With mercy, be patient long,
Remembering a moment's repentance
For a life of sin may atone.

PARTING.

Bring your lips a little nearer
They invite a parting kiss;
There can be no joy dearer
On this earth than this.

Lo! the moon looks on our parting
With the smile of bygone years;
Like the smile of maiden starting
Through the dimness of her tears.

He has looked on love and laughter
From the world's creation on;
And he'll smile on them long after
We are dead and gone.

* * * * *

The wedding bells out yonder ring,
The love-birds at the lattice sing,
But what avail they to avert
The days that desolation bring.

The hour of life is never long,
The cry of woe breaks short the song;
The darkness of approaching night
Will hide the Right and Wrong.

The violets fade, the roses bloom,
And Autumn gives the Winter room;
And Wealth and Poverty alike
Must one day share a narrow tomb.

But why should we philosophize,
The night is young and in your eyes
I see reflected back to mine
The tender light that never dies.

IMAGERY

They have built their images through the ages of wood and of stone; they have studded them with precious gems and decorated them with rare metals; they have bowed down and worshipped the work of their own hands. They have dreamed their dreams, and their dreams became imagery which they worshipped.

Down through the ages they have dreamt and built and only the memory remains. The hearts of men dream new dreams and build new images after their own fashion; so they build; so they worship; and the Spoiler laughs at their toil.

THE MAN

Here is a man whose hand is worth the clasping
In friendship's firm grip;
Whose heart is free from all rapacious grasping;
Who scorns base Falsehood's lying lip.

Whose hand is ever ready with its aid
For sister or for brother who may fall,
Nor with his tongue can readily upbraid,
But ever generous is he unto all.

His eyes are mild as those of ancient sage,
Well versed in all the various ways of men;
But woe to him who wakes his honest rage
He beards the lion in his native den.

This man I'd have before all for my friend,
Chosen from out a noble, faithful few;
Him would I trust unto life's utter end,
Clean-souled and ever true.

Songs of Many Moods

TO EDGAR A. GUEST

When the days were growing dreary
And our hearts were turning weary
Eddie Guest;

Who stepped smiling, singing in,
Urged us once more to begin,
Helped half-beaten men to win?
Eddie Guest.

When the days were cursed with sameness,
And black thoughts came that are nameless,
Eddie Guest

And our souls grew heavy-burdened, it was then
You would charm us with the magic of your pen
You're the poet of working men
Eddie Guest.

You have borne with us our sorrows
Seen the dawn of bright tomorrows,
Eddie Guest.

You have felt the grief that sears;
Shared with us our joys and fears;
Travelled with us down the years,
Eddie Guest.

O! the head that wears a crown
May in terror lay it down,
Eddie Guest,

But the laurel crown you wear
Will not fill your heart with care,
For our love has placed it there
Eddie Guest.

CRAIBSTONE

Age-worn Craibstone! here I roam
Amongst thy dim-lit aisles of green,
Where Nature in her wildest garb
Reigns o'er each sylvan scene.

I stand where Man's despoiling hand
Has now become unknown;
And all the brightest gems of flowers
In beauty wild have grown.

'Tis here the thrush sings undisturbed
Amongst the lilac trees;
And here the tiger lilies tall
Sway gently in the breeze.

The lofty halls, O Craibstone
Where moved the merry train,
Are silent and deserted now
And nigh unknown to men.

The shady walks that knew so well
The tread of lovers gay,
Are choked with weeds and fallen leaves
That moulder and decay.

TO J. S. D.

On dark Bennachie the hunter still findeth
His chase is rewarded with buck or with roe;
And like silver beneath it the Gadie still windeth
Through valleys and woods where tall foxgloves
grow,

And the sun's last beam lingers, reluctant to go.
And I wonder Jim, as the light grows dim,
While you sit in the firelight's glow,
Do your thoughts go back o'er each beaten track
Where we wandered long ago.

How often on Bennachie's height did we wander,
How often we played in the valley below,
And Jim, will we ever find scenes that are grander
Than those of the past that we used to know,
I doubt it, old friend, wherever we go.

Then here's to thee, and to far Bennachie,
And here's to the days of the past;
'Tis pleasant to dream of woodland and stream,
And the days that sped too fast.

THE HOMELAND

I am sitting tonight idly dreaming
In the night so soft and sweet;
While the stars above me are gleaming,
And crickets chirp at my feet;
I can see the fireflies winging
Like lamps round the pile of logs,
While the breeze from the marsh is bringing
The itinerant song of bull-frogs.

But I'm blind to the beauties around me,
The softness, the silence, the stars,
For the spell of my dream has bound me
In the land of heather-clad scaurs.
And I'm back to the scenes where I wandered
So careless and happy and free;
By streams that leisurely meandered
Through valleys and woods to the sea.

Back again to the old scenes I go
And in fancy once more gaze upon
The familiar places I know
By the beautiful valley of Don.
But once more the present will hide thee,
Oh, dear days that used to be,
And 'mongst the hemlocks beside me
The woodpecker taps on his tree.

Ah, Scotia! thy youngest sons wander,
In far distant parts of the earth;
But they never find scenes that are grander
Than those in the land of their birth.

THE SONG OF THE HOBO

I'm sick of it, boys, with its din and noise,
It aint just the place for me;
The city's all right for a single night
If you make it a downright spree.

But to make it home when one's free to roam
By river, and forest, and lake;
Let him do it who can, but it ain't for the man
Who lives for living's sake.

The town is for him whose eyes will grow dim
O'er the ledger's crowded lines;
He can never dream of the spell of a stream,
Or the campfire 'neath the pines.

Yes! the prairie is the place for me
With its trackless miles and miles;
Where I'll draw my breath without fear of death
From the crazy automobiles.

Then farewell the lights and welcome the nights
With their vastness and silence and stars;
And my heart will not yearn for the money they
earn,
Who work behind city bars.

BUCKSBURN

Dear unto me each thought of thee,
O village far away;
Where near thee rise piled to the skies
Thy granite quarries gray.
Oft when the evening shadows fall,
And from my work once more I turn,
Some scene around me will recall
The Memory of thee, Bucksburn.

The wooden glen, or Persley Den
Near to the winding Don,
Will still be dear as year by year
Time passeth swiftly on;
And ever round about me here
The colors gay that now adorn
The woods and valleys lying near,
Remind me of your scenes Bucksburn.

O! murmuring stream, when will the gleam
Upon thy breast at evening's close,
Attract my eye as o'er the sky
The sun's last, mellow radiance glows.
You knew my youthful dreams and hope,
And oft in memory I'll return
To wander o'er Ben Brimmond's slope,
And idly dream near thee Bucksburn.

Songs of Many Moods

C. A.

She sleeps, and on her pallid brow
Peace and contentment rest;
And those who weep submissive bow
To God's decree,—He knoweth best.

Even as a lily, scarce in bloom,
Is broken by the passing wind,
Death took her and a shade of gloom
Enveloped those she left behind.

They mourn now that Death has wrought
The loss to them of one so fair;
But they take comfort from the thought
Of one more soul to greet them there.

THE RECLUSE OF FOND DU LAC

There's an old-time cabin on Fond du Lac's shore,
With the Morning Glory clinging around its battered door;

It has a pretty garden kept by a careful hand
That stretches down to where the lake ripples o'er the sand.

An Englishman owns all the land for acres around here,

But he doesn't cultivate enough to keep himself in beer.

Some folks say he's consumptive, and that's a story goes,

But what his trouble really is, I guess there's no one knows

Songs of Many Moods

He lives a hermit's lonely life, hunts, or fishes in
the lake,
And grows a little corn and wheat for occupation's
sake;
Of money he has plenty for he never gets in debt—
I think there's something on his mind he wishes
to forget.
One day about a month ago I caught a glimpse of
him,
Striding through the forest and his face was set
and grim;
He seemed to me the sort of man who'd had his
share of pain,
As if life to him was empty and void of loss or gain;
A woman? Well, 'tis incomplete this sad old life
of ours
Unless it be a woman claims most of its pleasant
hours.

* * *

The moon is rising over the woods, and the lake is
all athrill
But the cabin door swings open, and all around is
still;
For the Englishman has found the peace he came
to find;—
His weary soul has fled the world and left but clay
behind;
'Twas the Brady boys found him, lying there at
rest
With a pretty woman's portrait upturned on his
breast.

• • •

THE GYPSY BLOOD

Have you seen the cattle moving o'er the boundless
prairie,

When the first gray light of dawn is in the sky?
Have you seen the horns tossing when a herd of
cattle's crossing

The muddy creek that's almost running dry?

Have you known the lazy languor as the sun rose
high at noon,

And you lay at ease beside the singing stream?
Have you seen the lake ashimmer with the silver of
the moon,

And the silent stars above you all agleam?

Have you seen the campfire glowing in the dark-
ness of the woods

Have you ever sat and watched your bannock
bake?

And with the setting sun behind, you leisurely have
dined,

On the fish that you have taken from the lake.

Have you left the noisy town and answered to the
call

Of the lonely wilds forever beckoning on?
'Tis there your heart is singing and you're part of
it all,

Silent, starry night and flaming dawn.

Songs of Many Moods

'Tis the gypsy blood that's in you, the restless,
 roving strain,
That makes the lonely life seem good to you;
And far from other men you are only happy when
The scenes around are wild and new.

JUST EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO

My little corn cob 's alight,
And in this land of snow
I'm thinking of a summer night
Just eighteen months ago.

That night a mellow glory bathed
The woodland and the wold;
The distant hills were dimly swathed
In fairy veils of gold.

There's a mystic "something" in that hour
Where dark and daylight meet,
The evening breathes of leaf and flower
Refreshed and dewy sweet.

We knew its soft and dreamy spell
As in the woods we lay;
The shadows round us longer fell,
And daylight fled away.

Then one by one the stars appeared
Like jewels in the night;
And soon the darkening shades were seared
By Luna's silver light.

Songs of Many Moods

That night heart words were softly formed
That never reached the tongue;
And veins that night were gently warmed,
And pulsing soul strings wrung.

'Tis long ago, but here tonight
I feel the same old spell;
I see her eyes all dimly bright
With thoughts no tongue can tell.

O! Vision Maiden, dim and far,
In this land so drear and lone,
I see you ever as a star
Receding with the dawn.

Ah, summer glory, with your words unspoken,
Sweet the story Memory tells . . .
Hark! How the solitude is broken
By the silver-tongued sleigh-bells.

THE CALL OF NATURE

The shadow waves are rolling o'er the golden seas
of wheat;
And the drowsy bees are humming in the swelter-
ing summer heat;
The great, vast wild is waking, and the Nature
voices call,
And my yearning heart is aching to be there
amongst it all.

Where the whip-poor-will is calling, where the
shy wood violet nods;
In the forest's leafy shadows, the trysting place of
gods;
When the dew-drops gleam like pearls o'er Nature's
flowery lawn,
And the fairy heat haze curls from the earth at
early dawn.

From dawn 'til dusking sunset when the crickets
sing their song,
In the land of starry silence, far away from sin
and wrong;
I can hear the "Little Voices", they are calling me
I know,
To where Nature's soul rejoices, they are calling
—and I'll go.

CHURCH BELLS

They are telling a story, the bells,
As they did in a bygone day,
Solemn sometimes, sometimes gay,
Ringing sweetly over the dells
Of a land far away.

They tell me a tale of joy,
Of sorrow and bitter woe;
Then whispering low
They tell of a wayward boy
And the way he chose to go.

They tell of a waiting mother
With hair aturning gray,
Sighing day by day,
With the sister and the brother
Of the boy far away.

They tell of a gray, dim gloaming,
Of an evening sweet with rain;
Of a longing heart losing its pain,
And the boy that has been roaming
Returning home again.

Ring out bells, to a hundred homes,
To the city and the range;
Your chimes may change,
But to the one who roams
They are never strange.

LIFE'S MELODY

Play it lightly, play it sprightly,
With a hundred merry twirls;
Fast and sweet as the tripping feet
Of the dancing girls.

That will do for childish pleasure, fleeting treasure
That is like a summer day;
Scarcely ever realized, or prized
E'er it flits away.

Now tenderly play, half grave half gay,
Love has come to stay awhile,
It 's but a morning flower, an evening hour,
And eyes a-smile.

It does not linger long, the song
Ends in a sigh;
The wilted flower dies, the hour flies
In a whispered good-by.

Softly and pensively play, the day
Draws near its close;
Over the near, near west, golden rest
Glimmers and glows.

This is the evening of life, the strife
Of the day is o'er;
Round us the quiet shadows creep, and we sleep
Forevermore.

THEY ENDURE

Keep apegging, partner,
There 's a goal somewhere ahead,
Try and build a superstructure
That will stand when you are dead.

Deal a little bit of kindness
Out amongst your friends each day,
That they will remember sometimes
When they've laid your bones away.

There's no monument like kindness,
Granite cannot so endure;
Grav'ed stone will perish sometime,
But remembrance is sure.

To a fellow sore and weary
Kindness is like healing oil;
If your friend is sick and ailing
There's no tonic like a smile.

Build yourself a monument
Out of kind and thoughtful deeds;
Much more lasting than the granite,
And not overgrown with weeds.

I ENVY NONE

We sometimes hear men say, 'If I were him',
How happy I would be always;
Pleasure's bright sun would never burn dim
On all my fleeting days,
I would see nothing that is dark and grim,
If I was him.

They look upon the wealth of men
As meeting all their soul's desires;
Poor, narrow souls, give them great wealth and
then
Ask them if that is all their soul requires
To gild the narrow confines of its den,
And make them better than their fellow men.

I envy none, however great they be;
However vast their store of gem or gold,
So I have health then life is good to me
And what I have I honestly can hold;
I am my neighbor's equal, for he
Is but a man, all men are born free.

I'll still be happy though I'm never rich,
By daily toil my daily bread I'll earn
With brain or brawn, I care not why or which;
And still my independent heart will spurn
The man that thrusts his fellow in the ditch
And steps upon him, simply to get rich.

COMING AND GOING OF DAY

DAYBREAK

The night breeze passes softly o'er the reeds
Leaving a farewell whisper in its wake;
A night bird rises noisily from the weeds
And wings its flight across the slumbering lake.

A silver arm sweeps grandly out and throws
Aside the threadbare cloak that night has worn;
A glow of amber, and a gleam of rose,
And the day is born.

NIGHTFALL

The shadows in the wood grow dim and long;
The lake reflects the glory of the sky;
The bullfrog chorus chants its evening song;
The soft wind lingers with reluctant sigh.

The mellow radiance of the golden light
Westward descends with the departing sun;
A vagrant star peeps through the shades of night,
And the day is done.

THE SHADOWS

As we sit by the fire when night appears,
And the lights are turned low
Dreaming our dreams of yesteryears
Long, so long ago;
There in the fitful shadows
That are flitting to and fro
We can see the dim, dear faces
Of the friends we used to know.

How dear to our hearts are these faces
And the scenes that they recall;
While the hand of memory traces
Its writing upon the wall,
And our hearts are filled with yearning
Held in the fleeting thrall,
Though we know 'tis all a fantasy,
Shadows, that is all.

And we smile at the dying embers,
And think of life's bright fires;
How dear are joys one remembers
Ere the last, faint spark expires.
The ambitions that we cherished,
The hopes, the loves, the desires,
Which all in their turn have perished,
And left us alone by our fires.

Songs of Many Moods

We used to kick over the traces,
And the old world turned too slow,
But we smile to the dear old faces
As they dim and dimmer grow,
Drifting back into the shadows
That are flitting to and fro
Like the ghosts of our great ambitions
That died so long ago.

SPRING

I want to sit in the sunshine
And watch the clouds sail by,
Like white winged ships agliding
Out through the limitless sky,
With their shadows creeping over me where I lie.

I want to watch the little buds
That burst on every tree,
And I want to idle the day away
Where the crystalline waters be,
And the vagrant sunbeams are playing fast and
free.

I want, O! a hundred other things
That I didn't want before,
Since Spring has taken the year book up
To turn its pages o'er,
And her smiling lure take hold of me once more.

THE ROBIN

Harbinger of the Spring
Bird of good cheer,
While still the sleighbells ring
You are here.

'Mongst the bare trees you fly
Letting us know
That we'll soon say goodbye
To frost and snow.

Promising brighter day
Sunshine and shower,
Sunkissed streams and bays,
Green leaf and flower.

Orchards aflame with bloom
Spoils for the bees,
Air blent with sweet perfume
From the fruit trees.

Joy and music heard
Pulsing from everything;
Welcome to you, sweet bird,
Herald of Spring.

THE LITTLE VOICES

The "Little Voices" whispered to my heart,
The other day,
They charmed me with their art
But would not stay.

And as they went away they smiled
And bade me follow on
To places far and wild,
Forgotten lands—and lone.

They went their way, but still
Their call was vain;
Some other day perhaps they will
Return and plead again.

Ah, "Little Voices", you have had your day,
Yours is forbidden fruit;
I cannot tread today the Sunset way
And idly listen to your magic lute.

For there are other voices I must hear,
Not less joyful than your own,
And I must turn a reluctant ear
From your siren tone.

So, Wanderlust, you'll call me still
In vain, I cannot roam,
I'll watch the dawn that bathes the distant hill
In glory—from my home.

A ROYAL ROMANCE

When she was only seventeen,
 She dreamt of a prince in armor gay;
A cavalier of royal mien,
With the grandest retinue ever seen,
 Who would woo her some day.

She dreamt of a marble palace fair
 Where she would live with her courtly squire,
And she would have ladies-in-waiting there,
And pleasures to banish each trifling care,
 And all that her heart could ever desire.

Two years, and her prince had come to woo,
 Not clothed in royal purple fine,
But clad in working overalls blue,
But his words were sincere and his heart was true,
 So she answered 'Yes,' when he said 'Be mine'.

Her palace is not built of marble white,
 And there are no ladies-in-waiting there;
But the "queen" keeps it all so gay and bright
That her "king" never wants to go out at night,
 And It's home, sweet home to a happy pair.

THE LOVELAND

Come to the Loveland with me, dear,
Where the roses are ever in bloom;
Where life's sweetest melodies be, dear,
Like the breath of a ling'ring perfume.
There where all laughter and bliss is,
There where life's bright sunshine plays,
And with your smiles and your kisses
There will I live always.

In a Paradise land of our own, dear,
Far from the world of care,
Where only dream pleasures are known, dear,
We will be happy there.
There where all laughter and bliss is
That only true love can impart,
With your treasure of smiles and kisses
There would I live, dear heart.

ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS

Old Time takes up the Book of Fame
And backward o'er its pages turns;
Then, pensive, pauses o'er a name,
The name of Scotland's poet, Burns.

'Tis writ in characters of gold
That gleam untarnished in the light;
His mem'ry never shall grow old
Until day fails to follow night.

And now today in every state
And every corner of the earth,
Men congregate to celebrate
The anniversary of his birth.

The poet who gave to humble toil
A dignity it had not known;
Himself a worker of the soil,
His fame has world-wide grown.

He clad the "crimson tipped flowers"
In robes surpassing kings' array,
He sang how all our varied hours
The universal plan obey.

He gave the cottars' lowly home
A reverence for God, more great
Than e'er is found in sculptured dome
Or costly palaces of state.

He sang the nobler themes of life,
Of lands from chains and tyrants free;
When peace would end all meaner strife,
And "man to man would brothers be".

His works shall live when classic lays
Lie all forgot in mould'ring urns;
And joy shall still ring in the days
That hail the birth of Robert Burns.

LIFE

Some lives are like a summer day,
The hours of which serenely drift away,
Passing unheeded 'til the sunset hour
Flings o'er the west its ling'ring, golden ray.

For others, ere life's sun has risen high
Dark clouds of sorrow lower in the sky,
And when the quiet evening ends their day
The weary lips form no regretful sigh.

Some wander through life's dewy morn,
And dream mongst roses newly born;
And others grasping at the rose
Seem able but to pluck the thorn.

Why all the good? Why all the bad?
Why are some joyful and some sad?
Is not the world created so
That everybody could be glad?

Can joy not sweeten all our sorrow?
Can gladsome hope not gild tomorrow?
Has not the world a stock of good
Enough for us to lend and borrow?

We live, we love, we fight, we lie,
We build, destroy, and ere we die
We find a little time to learn
A smile is better than a sigh.

POLAND

Land where the war-clouds are lowering
And shedding their bloody mist;
Where a stricken people are cowering
From the blows of the mailed fist.

Where hunger stalks like a spectre grim,
Where ravished Peace has fled;
And the candle of hope burns low and dim
Over the silent dead.

Where women and children fall by the way
Crushed to the cold, damp sod
By the feet of the beasts of prey
Who are made in the image of God.

Where the skeleton form creeps
To stifle the lingering breath;
Who laughs, while Poland weeps
In her agony of death.

Can the faith of a better day
Live in the broken land?
Hope lives, for the people pray,
That the world may understand.

THE CREED

Why preach so many different creeds
With varied paradise above,
When all this sad old world needs
Is just a universal love?

For God is Love, and Love is good;
O sophist with your theories new,
The savage with his idols rude
May have more hope of heaven than you.

You hold your narrow creed alone;
Self-worshipped god yourself, while he
Bows down before his graven stone
To worship what he cannot see.

Why should he at the Judge's nod
Be cast into eternal hell
Because he never knew the God
That you profess to serve so well?

Nay. God is Love and Love is just,
And surely Justice never can
Condemn the weak, impassioned dust
From which He formed His creature, Man.

Your creeds and theories must be wrong
You hold no key to Life's last door,
For it were never worth a song
With woe behind and hell before.

Songs of Many Moods

We need no more the creeds you give
Which so unsatisfactory prove,
But give us rather while we live
A lasting, universal love.

LA FOLLETTE

Your ear, Wisconsin!
I would speak above oblivion's sod
Ere you inter 'neath its forgetfulness
The fallen greatness of the one
Who was your erstwhile hero:
Poets have sung his name, a few in praise,
But many more in scorn, and I would sing
Neither to praise nor blame, but as a passerby
Conscious of both faults and qualities.
Hear then, Wisconsin, but I charge you now
To hold your peace, lest you disturb "His Great-
ness,"
And his spirit rise to contradict your argument,
Regardless of whichever way it take;
This was a fault of his which you forgave him long
But there's a limit, and he overstepped it when
He ranked himself before his country's honor,
Bringing the thunders of your anger on his head.
Alas, Wisconsin, that you should have been
An Alma Mater unto such a son!
He was the pampered darling of your doting eyes,
And so you chose him for the senate
That he might serve you in the nation's counsels;
His speech was smooth as a damascus blade,

Songs of Many Moods

As polished and as keen, and rang as clear;
His very name enthralled you with its sound,
Yet he fell short of all your reckoning
Not once, but many times, until you swore
A better man should take his place.
But ah, Wisconsin! Ah, the magic of its sound,
'Twas not the man you chose, but La Follette, the
name:

And so again he stood where you had sworn
That he should stand no more;
And when his country's liberty
Was rudely flouted by the Berlin buccaneer,
He held his peace, while freemen
Rose in their righteous anger to protest.
O! crowning vanity! And he could think
That he was greater than his country's greatness,
And in his petty selfishness
Stand passively observant while its honor
Hung wavering upon the scales of Fate.
Thus did Wisconsin see her favorite son
Scorn the high ideals that her fathers fought
And died for; ne'er again his name
Shall hold for her the allure it held
In days gone by, his greatness ends
While others of her less renowned sons
March forth to take their place
At the ramparts of their country.

TO "THE ETTRICK LINTIE"

Ye'll pardon my presumption, for I write a wee bit
praise,
Having read your "Scottish Mother" a sketch o'
hamely ways;
That stirred a muckle yearning in a hairt that 's
aye burning
Wi' memories o' heather hills and glens across the
the sea,
An' mony bonnie scenes I'll lo'e until the day I dee.
Your music wis auld farrant, and your sang to
some wis strange,
But to them wha aince have heard it the mither
tongue can niver change,
And the thochts that you awauken fly awa to heath
and bracken,
To the moors where rise the pairtrik, and where
the black cock calls,
Where the ivy clings sae bonnie to the hoary castle
walls.
I sometimes strike an antrim chord, but nae for
mony a day
Has the couthy mither-tongue conveyed my modest,
faltering lay;
But I heard the "Lintie's" sang in the forenicht
sweet and lang,
And it stirred my gangrel muse to re-echo back
the strain
To treest the "Ettrick Lintie" to her music aince
again.

ROBERT BURNS

The spark of genius, fanned to flame,
Glows brightly at the shrine of Fame.
Where is engraved the immortal name
Of Robert Burns.

He sang not of the ways of kings,
Nor soared on Fancy's fabled wings;
But looked on Nature's plan of things
And saw 'twas good.

He saw the dawn flush o'er the sky;
He heard the laverock sing on high;
The humble daisy caught his eye
And thrilled his soul.

Until he found himself a part
Of Nature's grand, supernal art
And poured the feeling of his heart
In tuneful song.

And now when many years have sped
We "heap the honors on his head",
Denied him 'til his soul had fled
To more congenial spheres.

He left a legacy of worth
To all his "brothers of the earth",
So mark the mem'ry of his birth,
The Immortal Memory of Burns.

THE SOUTAR

It is na big, but neat and trig
The soutar's shop 's aye keepit;
The beets are fine placed a' in line
And nae a' careless heapit;
And aydent aye the soutar plies his hammer and his
awl,
And aye his wark is weel in hand' as nicht begins
to fall.

His tools laid by, he'll tak' his wye
Doon by the winding Don;
His cares forgot and deep in thought
He'll slowly wander on;
While in his mind he'll slowly form a pensive
rhyme on Man,
A theme o' suffering and sin since this auld warld
began.

Whyle Nature grand with high command
Will fix his wondering mind,
And wild and free her scenes he'll see,
And inspiration find;
And then his lay will aiblins charm some weary,
jaded heart,
Wi' thochts o' peaceful country scenes far frae the
city's mart.

To classic heichts he mak's not flichts
But heartfelt and sincere,
His lay he sings and aye it brings
The peace o' Nature near.
He kens the secret o' this life is jist to be content,
And gin his sangs bring some ane joy he coonts the
time weel spent.

He has his dreams, by fitful gleams
He sees the stormclouds' lining;
But day by day he works away
Nor fretting nor repining;
Content to ken his wark's weel done at setting o'
the sun;
Aye helpin' ithers on the road but asking help frae
none.

THE CROSS

Here hangs the Cross, the cross I cannot kiss;
But ponder why 'tis there;
The beads are pleasant hours, but this
O'erwhelms me with despair.
I backward count the beads, the happy past
Returns again with thee;
I count the beads until at last
The cross returns to me.
Thou'rt gone O Love! Forever,—yes,
I bow beneath the greater loss,
And calmly now my lips I press
Unto the cross, *My Cross*.

AN EVENING WALK

The sun's last, mellow, golden rays
Were ling'ring in the silent wood;
The birdies sang their vesper lays,
And Nature was in peaceful mood.

Aroun' me lay a lovely scene—
The valley, stretching far below
Till distant mountain intervene,
Their frowning crests still capped with snow.

Abeen a whinclad slope, where
A cairt-track winds rough and rude,
The smoke coiled lazily in the air
From where some lanely cottage stood.

A burnie murmured softly near
Somewhere amang the tall, gaunt pines,
To me these pinewoods are mair dear
Than a' the sooth's grape-laden vines.

Society's hollow, polished art
May mak' a strong appeal to some
But Nature wild best charms the heart
As a' her varying seasons come.

Ah, the auld hame and auld freens
Are better far than gowd or fame,
To me the thochts o' these wild scenes
Will aye be Memories o' Hame.

THE EVENING STAR

When the setting sun has flushed
The western hills and sky,
And the forest's voice is hushed,
There appears, gleaming far
O'er the mountains high,
The Evening Star.

Oft the cottar homeward wending
Through the dusking twilight,
Gazes at the star ascending,
And admiringly will scan it,
Pondering o'er the brilliant sight
Of Venus—queenliest planet.

Even the city worker weary
Turning home with listless mien,
From the streets so gray and dreary,
Views the star with eager eyes,
And some cheering thoughts may glean
From this empress of the skies.

SIGNS OF SPRING

Though Brimmond's sides are bleak and bare,
And Phebus seldom gies a stare
 Frae 'yont the clouds;
There 's promise breathing in the air,
And ilka bush has got its share
 O' green leaf buds.

I wyte the mavis isna blate
At whistlin' blythely to his mate
 Wi' amorous thrills;
The sun has taen to ling'ring late
Afore he gang his evening gait
 Ayont the hills.

And summer wi' its humming bees
And a' its daisy spangled leas,
 Will sune be here;
When the soft flower-perfumed breeze
Will gently sway the greenclad trees,
 It's drawing near.

It winna jist be verry lang
Afore we hear the lintie's sang
 Re-echoing frae the boughs;
While in the summer nichts we'll gang
And rove wi' lichtsome herts amang
 The bonnie wids and howes.

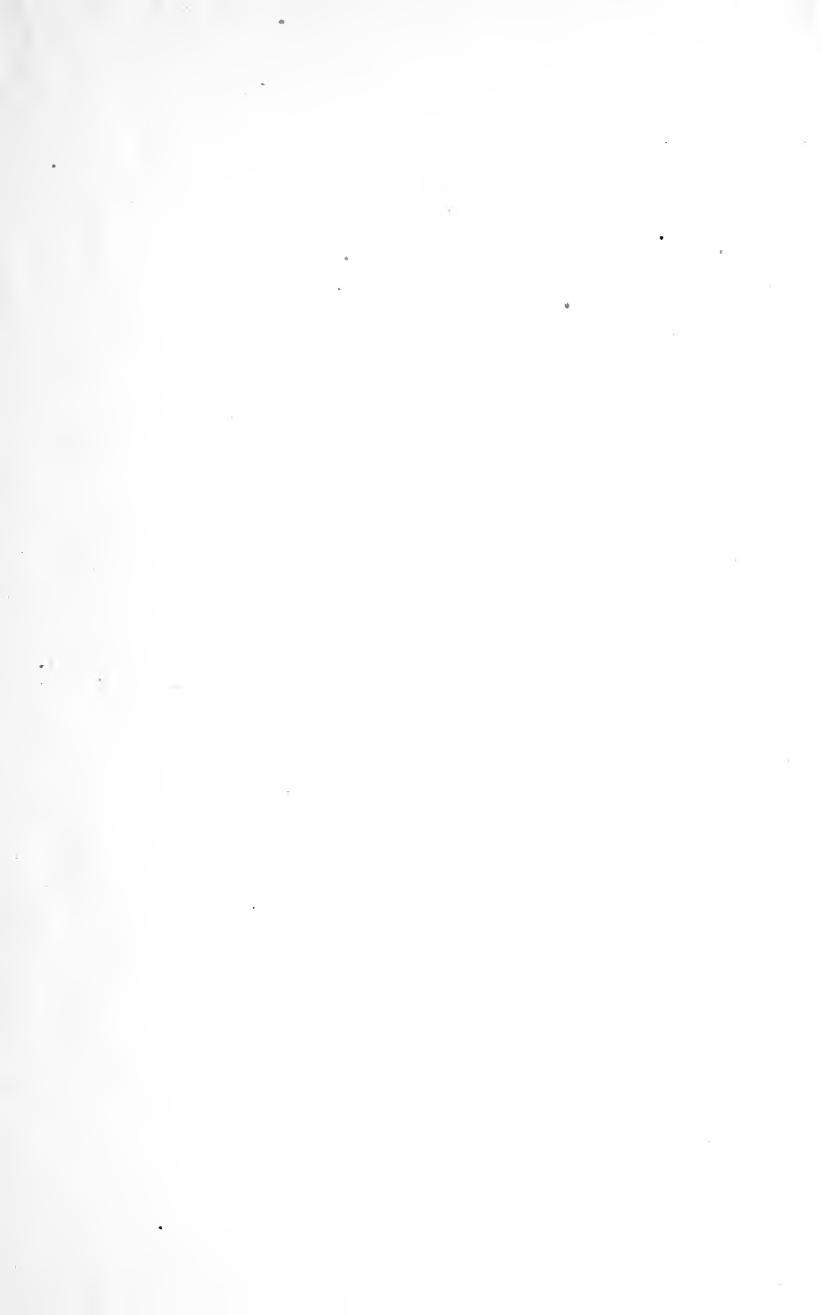
APRIL

The April sun is shining brightly
On the river's trembling breast,
And the fleecy clouds float lightly
In an azure sky, that nightly
 Paints rich colors o'er the West.

Slender daffodils are blowing
In the soft caressing breeze,
And shy violets are showing
Where the limpid stream is flowing
 'Neath the dim shade of the trees.

Through the woods the cushat's coo-ing
Re-echoes all the bright day long,
And the lintie with his woo-ing
All the woodland is imbu-ing
 As he trills his merry song.

From the fields there comes the singing
Of the careless, happy herd;
Woods and fields with music ringing
Tell that April bright is bringing
 Happiness to man and bird.



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